

Gems and Relics

of the

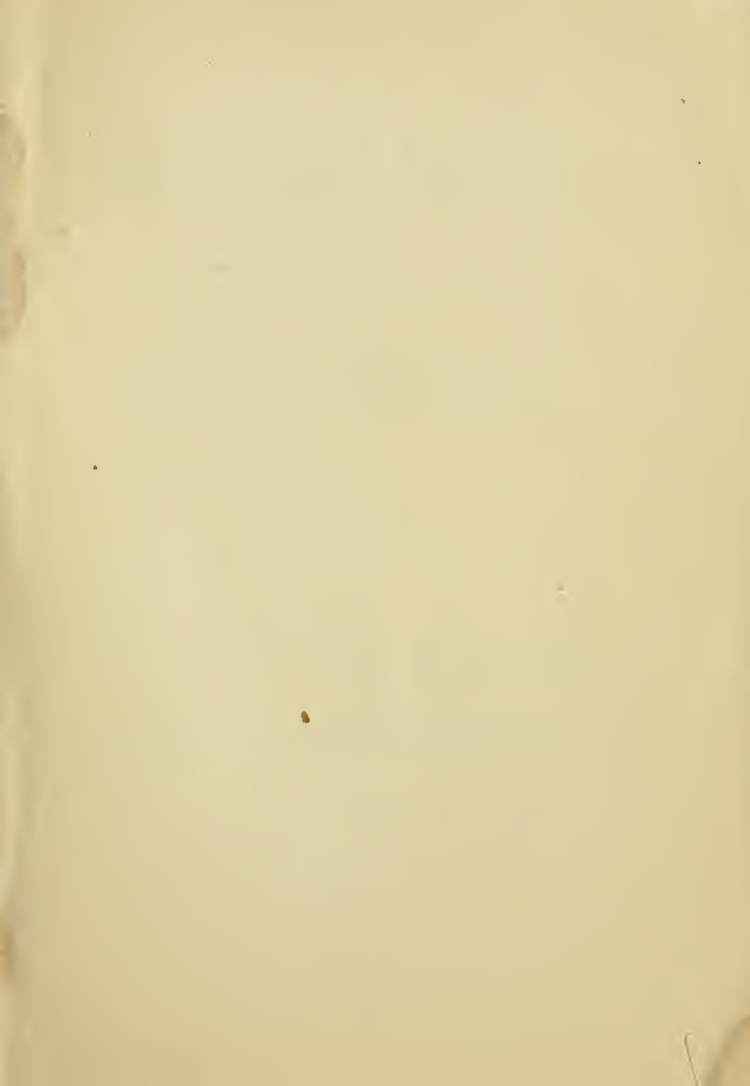
School Room.

By

Mrs. A. S. N. Crawford.

PRINTED BY

PATTERSON, VANCE & CO.





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1891.

PRINTED BY
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DES MOINES, IOWA.

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DES MOINES, IOWA.

Preface.



“Thinking—gives us powerful minds;
Loving—gives us faithful hearts;
Labor—gives us strong muscles,
These three includes all that is valuable.”

After spending the *best* part of my life in the teachers' field, at least long enough to teach about fifty-two terms of school, and enroll on my books nearly one thousand different names, having taught in only nine different districts, of course it comes to me forcibly that I might possibly do some good even now, by placing before the young, a true sketch of the lives of some of my pupils. I shall ever feel thankful for the idea that prompted me to urge all when I left them to write to me occasionally their experience in life from time to time, now I select out of these the letters which com-

pose this little book; many no doubt will be recognized even now. I also head each letter with a poem selected from my scrap-book. As old age creeps on preventing me from acting in that capacity, I sit with the gray hairs dropping from my once golden ringlets, whilst I wipe my glasses that I may take a better look at the writing, figures, pictures and all the mementoes from my flocks. At times I can not restrain a hearty laugh as many sights bring forcibly to my mind the many childlike remarks and acts, yet as quickly does my bosom heave a sigh, for many of those hearts are bursting with grief to-day. In my rummage I find many relics of those days that I am loth to consign to the flames. Whilst I sit and mentally review my labor I feel that a school-teacher's duty is a nobler work than our preachers; our dear teachers prepare them to properly accept the laws of God as presented by the minister. The teachers work appears to me to be a Divine work. Now I am a mother and a widow. God only knows how I long to be again at my old work. Privations stare me in the face, poor health keeps my limbs quiet, but my brain runs riot within its walls; and my chil-

dren, too small to work, keep my heart from aching. It appears that my work was not *all* done and God has taken my companion from me that I may yet accomplish something alone. Now as I sit here, in my "Kansas dug-out," and read of the terrible works of crime and vice, I thank God that I sowed a few words of good that I learn have taken root and been sent from the lips of my dear ones, and spread far and wide. Reader, you do not know how happy I am that the teachers are being encouraged to teach the effects of stimulants and narcotics to the young. To wait until our children are emerging into manhood and womanhood, often proves too late. We must not wait until they have acquired a habit then begin work; a preventative is more successfully used than a cure. In the name of all that Heaven holds dear, teachers, do not neglect this work. In years past I was teaching near Des Moines, Iowa, was favored with a call from the school director, a man of middle age, well dressed and the proud owner of plenty of this world's goods. I shall ever remember him as a man with a full pocket and a room "to let" in the upper story of his form; my reason for impressing him on my

memory is, he wounded my feelings, by ordering me to cease spending time (which was fifteen minutes each day,) having a general talk with the children on moral and immoral habits, comparing good and evil generally. He told me the law did not compel me to handle such subjects, and he would rather I would put that time in on the branches that the law required me to handle. How is this, dear teachers of our precious human jewels, that we place in your care from six to eight hours nearly every day, are the branches they study, even though they master a long list of sciences; are they really, and will they eventually prove of *great* benefit unless they have a moral courage to fathom the thoughts that present themselves to their minds, regardless of popular opinion? Do we not all need to *thoroughly* understand that continual advancement is the dictation of wisdom? To *elevate* humanity should be the aim of all enlightened generous minds. To this *good* work should be called *every* element in society. The sooner these thoughts are impressed upon the minds, the sooner will they take in the surroundings of nature, and turn the sight of every ob-

ject into food for thought. The sooner will the mind be able to handle the subjects in human nature, that are crowded thick and fast around our pathway, many bad as well as good. It is not all parents that take time to explain, *moral* courage, conscientiousness and the use of temper, to their *children* as they should. In some manner we will all be rewarded for every task. Pen cannot describe the joy I feel when I clasp hands with *men* and *women* (that can *honestly* wear that name) that were once my school-children; to see the *honest* pride, virtue and integrity beaming from their countenances, as they call me their "old teacher." And as I sometimes re-call their reckless parents and their home-training, my heart tells me I am repaid for the time I spent there in sowing seed. This present age demands of us to do all in our power to lift humanity back from the gutter into which they are in so much danger of falling. How better can it be done than for us to *unite*, put our "shoulder to the wheel" and send from under our care those that carry with them a vigorous and pleasing development. We have placed before us physical, mental and moral powers to work upon. We

must ask ourselves what results we desire from those powers. Physical education should give power. utility and grace. Mental education must give power of thought, useful knowledge and taste, whilst moral crowns our glory with strength of character, useful habits of life and pleasure in doing good; right here allow me to say it is no *small* task to successfully act upon the moral faculties, in a manner that will produce and teach moral courage; yet it must be done or all our labor is lost. Then we will see *men* and *women*, not ladies and gentlemen, that abuse one part of an education to be able to mount a stump to say, "I am master of another." No, we will have those that are able to wear the noble name of *man* or *woman* and support it too, under trials that now lead to temptations. As I review the lives of many of my pupils, my conscience appears to tell me, I neglected my duty in many respects. I believe it is the solemn *duty of every parent* to educate their sons, to prepare them to become good true and noble husbands. Their daughters to know and appreciate the loving and divine name of wife; then and only then will we have homes that are not clouded by untold

trouble, and hearts that ache under the trial of keeping secret the cause of those clouds.

I trust I am pardonable if I have been quite lengthy in my preface, for I have some precious human jewels to educate. Besides I do feel anxious for all the rising generation to be better able to withstand evil temptations than the present appears to be.

“Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftimes no connection, knowledge dwells,
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own,
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere material with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud, that he knows so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.”



A D V I C E ,

“I must do as you do?”—Your way, I own,
Is a very good way; and still,
There are sometimes two straight roads to a town—
One over, one under the hill.

You are treading the safe and well-worn way.
That the prudent choose each time,
And you think me reckless and rash to-day
Because I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mine,
We are not like peas in a pod,
Compelled to lie in a certain line,
Or else be scattered abroad.

’Twere a dull, old world, methinks, my friend,
If we all went just one way,
Yet our paths will meet no doubt at the end,
Though they lead apart to-day.

You like the shade and I like the sun;
You like an even pace;
I like to mix with the throng and run,
And then rest after the race.

I like danger and storm and strife:
You like a peaceful time,
I like the passion and surge of life;
You like its gentle rhyme.

You like buttercups pure and sweet,
And crocuses formed in snow:
I like the roses born of the heat.
And the red carnation's glow.

I must live my life, not yours, my friend,
For so it was written down.
We must follow our given paths to the end,
But I trust we shall meet—in town.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

MY TRINKET BOX.—Here I have it spread open, expecting to view the various tokens of remembrance; here I see neckties, gloves, pins, cushions, handkerchiefs, (yellow, and time-stained,) books, vases, napkin rings, scissors, perfume bottles, and various other fancy articles, besides a handsome quilt. How can I forget them, how can I do otherwise, than rejoice when I hear of their success in life, or weep when I learn of trials and troubles surrounding them. Pen is inadequate when I think of writing all that interests me in this box, so I will only venture on a portion of my autograph and picture albums.

MY AUTOGRAPH ALBUM,—where so many hands, that have wound their fingers through my curls, have placed their names,—lies open before me with the names of over one thousand

children written on its pages. Among the list is "Bud,"—who was hung by a mob, poor boy! I remember him only as a bright affectionate youth; But alas! The life I had pictured out for this one of "my boys." He loved "not wisely, but too well," and when jilted, immediately all his noble loving nature turned to gall. Great Heaven and All-wise Judge, can justice on earth never be dealt out. *She could murder his mind for life, yet she* had committed no crime, whilst he murdered her *body* let her mind go free, yet he must hang; which *was* and *where* was the worst murderer, and murder committed?

Next below his name in large bold letters is the name of Miss ——— of Davenport, Iowa, now a noted physician. Although her age is creeping past forty, she yet writes her name *Miss*, and proud of her name am I, and prouder still to know 'twas me that started her in physiology long before it was "law" to teach it in common schools. When I gave a few oral questions, she became deeply interested, and asked me questions that led to investigation. May God bless her work and may she live to do much *more good* work.

Now I turn to the name of prim little black-eyed Hattie. How I loved that girl, yet in after years, her parents persuaded her to wed for popularity and appearances. The consequences were, she was no longer her former self, but a real "married flirt" which led from bad to worse, till her husband, returning home one day, found one of her admirers there, instantly shot him, then fled for his life. Now my once innocent petted one is in the insane asylum where no doubt her days will end.

Here written upside down, in great scrawling letters, is the name of "long-legged, red-headed" George, thus he was "dubbed" at school; because he was so reckless and apparently thoughtless. Now reader did I hear you say, what need you tell about him? I simply wish to say he is among our *best* ministers: his arguments cannot be contradicted. He has led many souls to Christ. To his name is linked the name of another, I find here written, 'tis that of Madie—a lovely sweet girl, and if such a thing is possible here on earth, their home is a "branch establishment of Heaven."

Now I find some rhymes which I will copy:

"My Loving Teacher.

Pigs love taters,

Pigs love squash.

And I love *you*.

I do, by gosh.

JOE."

"My Dear Teacher,

When bothered by mosquitos,

Or tortured by a flea,

Then my loving teacher,

Oh, *do* remember me.

KIRTY."

"Good Old Teacher,

May you but live,

And have good times,

And marry the man,

That's got the dimes.

JIM."

"Our Loved Teacher.

Remember me my Dearest Friend,

As o'er these simple lines you bend:

It is a sign of friendship for you,

And in return remember

SOU."

"Our Loyal Teacher,

Good Bye! I take your hand in mine,

Oh friend and teacher, tried and true,

In my beings inmost shrine,

I make a sacred place for you.

CHARLIE."

For fear of getting this chapter monotonous, I will give but one more written by a girl that has spent her life in doing good.

“Friend and Teacher,
How shall we act toward those who daily wound us,
And turn the sweets of life to bitter gall?
How shall we cure the evils that surround us,
Holding our pent up struggling souls in thrall.
Forgive the first and pray that they may alter,
And turn their footsteps in the better way;
Endure the last with faith that will not falter,
And night at last will turn to brightest day.
YOUR LOVING ANNIE.”

MY PICTURE ALBUM—Is one my own teacher gave me, when ten years old, for regular attendance. I have appropriated it to my pupils' pictures, over which I very often look, recalling the scenes and remarks of many, the death and funeral of some, the wedding day of several, the good work that many are at and the down-trodden life that some are living.

In this I find the faces and forms that many think farthest from beauty, have been most successful in life. Here is the picture of sweet little Olie that I went home with to take tea.

Not being room at the table for her she did not come into the dining-room until just as her father had finished returning thanks, then she came all excitement, exposing a small object she held in the little fat hand, saying, "what is this thing anyway." "My child," said the sedate father, "that is called a tree-toad." Very earnestly she looked for a moment, and then astonished all by remarking, "It's a devil of a looking thing papa."

By her side is the very image of noble little Fred that was dubbed coward, homely, and was constantly imposed upon. At the age of sixteen saved a lady, unknown to him, from a watery grave. Being near an overflowing stream, he urged, this lady when he saw, *not* to attempt to cross; failing to persuade her to give it up, he saw the current was taking her cart, horse and all down the stream. He rushed to her rescue, saving her but losing horse and cart. For this act he was rewarded, with three thousand dollars. When he assured her it was not for money that he acted thusly, she replied, "The more noble the deed. All my life I have spent with plenty; oh, how often have I ridiculed clothes like yours and the wearer also.

When I heard your kind advice I heeded it not, but did observe your shabby garments. I now see how little good I have done in life. Yet you saved me that I might yet be instrumental in doing some good work." The note that accompanied his money read thus:

“MY DEAR BOY:—

My pen nor my money cannot express my gratitude, yet I send you this amount that you may complete your education and do all the good you can.

God bless you is my prayer,
—————”

This youth is *to-day*, a gray headed man, traveling over the country finding homes for orphans.

Of one more will I speak, and that is a black-eyed, raven-haired, dignified missionary worker, that is now across the ocean doing successful work. From reports I understand her heart is in her work, her advice is sought by many older heads than her own. When a child she was rough, rude and boyish yet every act would force a smile to the face of the most dignified.

Well do I remember her first day at school; being in the school room alone with me at noon, I talked freely with her, as I loved to hear her speak words she could not yet master. Soon she came and stood at my side by my table, and asked if she could sing me a song, of course I told her to do so. Thumping her little fingers on the desk as an accompaniment, and lisping too, as she rattled off the following with a sweet tune, that was no doubt meant to roll around far different words :

“The prettiest little girl I ever saw,
She lived in South Carolina,
Her red rose cheeks and her coal black hair,
Her name was Angelina.

The very next day at my infair,
While sitting at the table,
She flew at me and pulled my hair,
And licked me 'cause she was able.

If ever I marry again in this world,
'Twill be for love or riches,
For the worst thing in this world,
Is the woman that wears the breeches.”

Away down in one corner in a well tied bundle I find a few notes I should not consider right to slight; they are epistles of congratula-

tion from some of my pupils upon my wedded life. I was a 'jolly old maid' and of course many were the jokes passed over my head, and as a matter of course many of my remarks were unearthed when it was learned I had married an old gentleman, with a Bible name that I had jested over.

“CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

My Beloved Teacher:

My heart is full of joy which I wish to extend to you, on your new voyage. May peace and happiness be with you both, and love ever be the ruling power in your home. My home has been so happy with love to guard it that I know Heaven rejoices over a happy home. I thank God that you taught your pupils what true love was, also how to nourish it and keep it active. May God bless you in your new work, as I believe he ever did in your field of labor as a teacher, yet I know you will never cease to teach, for every one who comes into your house will go away with some new thought. Hoping to again clasp hands with you, I am

As ever your pupil,

EFFIE.”

“SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MRS. EBENEZER:

Here I am ready to hug you and your man too, (if you'll let me) that I may inform you that I wish you JOY. Now that you have *really* got a man by the name of Ebenezer, how do you like the name?

Just the same

JENNIE.”

“ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Our Dear Old Teacher;

I learn with pleasure of your step into matrimony and trust happiness may ever be your lot. We had all ‘booked’ you as a confirmed ‘old maid.’ Teacher allow me to add, we cannot forget the laughable manner in which you used to recite the line,

“Far better be the whole of *one*,
Than just the half of two.”

Yours lovingly,

ELIZA.”

YANKTON, D. T.

Mrs. Ebenezer:—

Teacher ask your ‘Ebenezer’ if I can hug you, in my mind, only to let you know I con-

gratulate you on getting "an old man with a fat pocket-book and a bad cough." Oh th—— I never intended to say that, don't let him read it, for fear he *will* really take some horrid coughing trouble and end his days immediately, for I would then feel bound to take care of the widow the remainder of her days, and then 'gosh' who would take care of me? You and Ebenezer come up and 'take tea' with me on my homestead.

Truly yours,
JAY."



WORDS.

How great the power of a word,
 'Tis such a little thing.
Yet it may bear the sweetest thought
 Or bear the sharpest sting.

Hard words are like a poisoned dart,
 That brings sharp pains to him that hears,
And rankles deep within the heart,
 And makes a wound unhealed by years.

A careless, thoughtless word is like
 A wanton arrow by an archer shot,
Be it a hard one it were better far
 Had it remained unspoken thought.

Kind, gentle spoken words have power
 That only wounded spirits know.
And fall upon the cold, hard heart,
 Like sunshine falling upon snow.

If we would keep the cruel words
 And only let the kind ones go,
'Twould save us much regret and tears,
 Much of the sorrow we now know.

If to the friends who toil for us,
 We would more oft and gently speak,
We might receive the peace we prize,
 The happiness for which we seek.

—MOUNTAINEER.

To the readers of this little book:

I have just learned that my dear old teacher and my *best* friend, is remembering her faithful work and her dear children, by "writing us up." Yet I doubt if there be one that has ever forgotten her; it appears to me impossible that any can live and not every day have occasion to bring to the front some of the noble ideas of courage, patience, honor and duty, that she has taught us. I do not wish to speak harshly of my father and mother, but to tell the truth, *I* was used roughly at home as well as my brothers and sisters. Besides I had a very annoying gift from nature, in the shape of what is called a harelip, of the very worst form; so that it was impossible for me to speak any words distinct. Thus at school I was the "laughing stock." Many times my temper grew to a tempest and my strength enabled me to handle most of my antagonists. The winter I was fifteen a man taught, and I had frequently been told, "The big teacher will fix you this term." Yes, he tried to "do" me one day. A reward was offered on headmarks; my worst enemy stood below and next to me. I spelled my word, I know, correctly, my enemy vowed I

did not, and attempted to go above me. I could not make the teacher understand one word, and when he tried to get me forward to use the whip he had had cut and dried for some time, my temper knew no bounds, I seized the iron stove-poker and "poked" him one, then held the rest at bay with my weapon until I could get out of their way. I was then turned out of school. I *was* a good reader and speller but none knew it. I very seldom missed a word, and my memory appeared to be my only friend. Here I was out in a lonely country, friendless, and with a craving mind, no money to do with and parents that seemed to think work is all he can do, and that must all be done with his muscle. Thus when the first of May brought our "little school-ma'm" into our school. I was persuaded to throw my hat when we were called in, up near to her to see what the consequences would be. She only raised her eyes to see from whom it came. She did not sit down as was the custom in the "big chair," but put my hat there instead, then smilingly remarked: "Now children let us see who can have the best lessons." Next she is walking down the aisle to me and laying her hand on my shoulder, (I

can never forget that touch) she asked to look at my books. I produced my history with my other books. "Now," said she as she raised my hair up from my forehead, "you have a good memory, with plenty of brains to back it, and those blue eyes seem to be able to help you store up worlds of knowledge, and I hope you will try to remember all the good things I tell you." Do I remember all? Yes, God bless her, every word, and *above* all do I remember, that I became a new boy, whilst she stood by my side with her fingers in my hair, and well do I remember that I was not the only one to wipe my eyes as she went back to the table. She kindly released me from reading aloud, all history, spelling, etc., was written which gave me equal rights. When she found I could use my pen quite naturally, she depended on me for an essay which she read to the school. My last day essay, I selected for a subject "Our Teacher;" she did not read this without wiping a few tears from her eyes, as did every one present. The school-board who were present, then and there engaged her for the winter term which was followed with three more terms. I went every day and with her

did my school-days end, but I have tried to improve every spare moment, as she told me at parting. To-day as I sit with pen in hand I can feel her hand on my shoulder as she bid me "God-speed" at parting. I cannot close this without repeating her last talk with me; how kindly did she avoid giving me reason to answer only with yes, or no; as this would perhaps be our last talk, she seemed to know this was why I was waiting to see her alone. She laid her hand on my arm and drew me aside; "Byron, I hope you will lose no time in getting a position in a printing office where you can use your talent, and soon earn enough to go off and get your mouth and lip fixed, so you will be ready for a grand work; be brave, control your temper, and do not stoop to fight or quarrel with anyone." May God's choicest blessings go with her, for twenty years have flown since her hand rested on my shoulder for the last time, and I have been to C——, got my mouth and lip fixed, have a lovely mustache, (so my sweet wife says,) have delivered a number of lectures that have become famous, and now have settled down in the editor's chair, and enjoy the profits from a large circulation of the——

———, and I believe I owe my success to her “kind words.” I enjoy my home if my wife does say she has a notion to be jealous of the “little school-ma’am” that I *always* remembered in my prayers.

Her pupil,
BYRON.

I must add here, I have not a child among all my ‘flock’ that I remember with more interest than the author of the above. I had to beg to persuade the school-board to let “Such a little mite of a one teach our school and try to handle that harelip d——.” I stated, I had heard of their trouble was why I wanted the school. I succeeded, you see how well, and when I received the above letter, I wept tears of joy to know the monument I built there was not all washed away from memory’s fountain. I read his paper monthly, have read all his lectures; he is a good reasoner, and sincere in his christian work.

“The Lord helps those who help themselves.”

A Throng of Women who had Served the Lord.

FRANCIS EKIN ALLISON.

A throng of women who had served the Lord
Waited before heaven's gate for their reward.

Each shining soul had her fair record brought
Of glorious service for the master wrought.

One gentle one whose life was full and long
With her great pen had slain a giant wrong.

With starving children this one's life was spent;
To nameless outcasts hope that presence lent;

For dwarfed and stunted souls these labored well,
And left lov's blessings in the prison cell.

For poor humanity and for the lost
They gave their lives and counted not the cost.

O! they were bright and beautiful to see!
Earth's fame had crowned them e'er their souls were
free.

But one there was who lone and trembling stood
Among the throng of great and good,

To whom, the recording angel speaking said,
"What dost thou here among the blessed dead

Bearing no record? Hast thou nothing done
On earth where these their crowns of glory won?"

To whom, she, weeping said, "Let me return
To that dear earth for which I sorely yearn;

The hearts that loved me all my service bought
Not any service for the Lord I wrought.

Life was too short for me; when death had come
I had but made on earth a happy home."

"Ah! sayst thou so! thou well beloved and blest!
Daughter of heaven, go in among the rest.

The hearts that loved thee thou shalt have again;
None may return, but thou shalt lose thy pain.

For thou shalt breathe in heaven to native air
And its glorious mansions great and fair

To thee familiar all its joys shall come;
Heaven is what thou hast left, a happy home.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

Dear Teacher:—I recently heard of your new location in the far west. I was glad to hear that your health is better. To-day, in memory, I live again my school-days. I send you my kindest salutation and greet you again as my teacher, and it gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the great debt of gratitude we owe to those who so kindly led us along through childhood's winding pathway, and up the rocky heights of learning. Associated with those happy hours are also the pleasant memories of

our early home. Here we can heartily endorse what the poet has written:

“The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed; and the streams most sweet
Are even those at which our young lives drank,
Stooped to their waters o’er the gray bank.

Since you left us my life, I think, has been, on the whole, a success. I have found that we are truly our own ‘architects,’ and that good influences are strong anchors for the right. The world is a great mountain sending back to us an echo of the most pleasing sounds of mankind and nature; but if we are wrong ourselves the echoes are discordant and grating. I am endeavoring, as I go through life, to plant seeds that may produce fruit, after this body is food for mother earth. Always I remember how kindly you taught us of the words of Paul: “Be ye temperate in all things.” At present when the various issues are before us, I hardly feel able to keep my pen still. Much, oh so much has been *said* on temperance, besides the money, blood and lives that have been wasted. And when all is counted up, what is temperance, but the controlling of *all* our powers? Would it then be temperance we were teaching,

for us to say *never* touch alcoholic stimulants, yet allow the suspicious, jealous temper, of that pupil to run riot over all the remainder of his mind and nature? Can not the fathers, mothers, teachers, and yes, our *preachers* too, see that there is as much trouble caused by the different forms of uncontrollable temper as has ever been caused by "King Alcohol," in a private family.

Were I to take time and space I could name, many under my own observation, that never drank *any* beverages, yet committed crimes and wrongs that many a sot would scorn to think of doing. Many, oh so many, that are called christian, temperance men, and women, see every day, *abused homes*, the poor, trodden under foot by the rich, that are *drunk* on the love of wealth and popularity. This is why we need the moral power brought out more forcibly and taught to live closer to God in "little things." Yes, "Be ye faithful over little and I will make you ruler over much," is a commandment with a promise which will apply to *all* phases of life, and by guarding faithfully what influence we have, no doubt our power will be strengthened. We have no right to destroy

or injure ourselves mentally or physically, either by gluttony, indulgence or by rash exertion. To do this is a sin against the laws of nature and our God. The command is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If we do not love ourselves and take proper care of ourselves, we have no guide by which to regulate our love for others. This is not selfishness, to first love ourselves in order to know how to love others, it is self-preservation which is the first law of nature implanted in the very structure of man.

Here I must tell you of a noted temperance lecturer, that came here to speak. I was well pleased with her lecture and took her with me to my boarding place, which was a home in the true sense of the word. After breakfast a little boy, I had petted a great deal, ran up to me to get his hair curled. My guest looked on for a moment, then remarked, "How nice for him to be willing to wash and comb, *my* boy is older and will not wash or comb, but prefers to go so dirty and is so hateful, then, (with a toss of her head) I don't like to bother with him. I never can love him anyway as I would if it was girl." She was much older than I, had on the end of her tongue the history of many abused

children by a drunken father and mother, could tell of the effects of alcohol stimulants upon the stomach. For once I bit my lips to keep my tongue quiet, yet I wondered if she could tell the effects upon home and family for a mother to get so *drunk* on love of fame, as to, not only *neglect home* but omit the love she should give her son. She is still lecturing, is *considered a good* woman, gets *pay* from the *public* funds. I firmly believe the only *true* temperance platform is self-control and moral courage, and if it is properly taught in every family, school and church, then, and *only* then will "King Alcohol," cease to have a demand.

Trusting that I have not been tiresome, and that my words may bring to you some pleasant ideas to think over, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

EV A.

"I've Made a Fool of Myself."

Breathes there a man upon the earth,
Who has not, sometime since his birth,
Exclaimed in accents, far from mirth,
 "I've made a fool of myself."

Not that he cries it forth aloud,
Nor in the center of life's crowd,
But to himself it is avowed—
 "I've made a fool of myself."

It may have been among the girls,
While in the dances giddy whirls,
Among the wealth of fashion's pearls—
 "I've made a fool of myself."

Or in the graver walks of life,
While mingling in some greater strife,
When plans of gain, not love, were rife—
 "I've made a fool of myself."

In love or gain, peace or war,
In musing of life's battle o'er,
We must exclaim with memory sore—
 "I've made a fool of myself."

Experiences ever teaches best:
So let the memory stir the breast
That time to come may not suggest—
 "I've made a fool of myself."

—BY JEAN PIERRE.

I shall now give you a few letters from one "Patt," this first a letter he wrote when nine years old, when asked, at school, to compose a letter to whom he pleased. Of this child, can truthfully be said, his mind was not all hilarity he was bright in school, if any hurt or in trouble he was the first to render aid, yet a *tease* among his playmates; of course if he should ever read these lines he will recognize his words, and I trust pardon me for unearthing them. At present he is a man of wealth living in Detroit, Mich. A lovely wife, son and daughter adorn his home. He never meets trouble half way, or piles up atoms to form mounds to look at. These letters were all written to me whilst he was yet a boy.

"Up stairs in the garret.

Dear sister and fellow-citizens. I will take my pen in hand for this great, glorious, notorious, victorious, and explorable union of thirty-three states and seven territories, and the District of Columbia, and will also include Central Park and Staten Island, to let you know I am nine years old to-morrow. I like my school if I do have to give the teacher a few 'obstructions'

occasionally. I am getting sleepy, I must close.

Write soon and quick to

PATT."

"OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Dear Old Teacher:

My mother and sisters have just been telling me of all my old tricks, so I believe I will tell you. You once told us if we ever had any trouble, to write and tell you all. As I have no hopes of ever stealing anything or getting hung so I could tell about it, or even breaking any pretty girl's heart, (for I can't get a mustache to grow, I shall have to tell of the trials and troubles I helped my sweet little sister into. The thing she threw into my face was turning the saddle around on her fellow's horse whilst he was in talking to her. I guess he has never got turned around for he was yet on a western route when last heard of and sister is yet for market. Then they had to tell me of offering to carry a lady across a slough, after taking sister across. I think that was generous, don't you? I got very wet and muddy but wanted to save her good clothes and shoes she was so worried about; alas! that's not all, I

fell down with my cargo. She should have told me the truth about her age and *weight* before we started

If I did bring a toad wrapped up nicely, and give to sister to unwrap, she need not have jumped, for the toad jumped. She needed me though sometimes, for her new fellow came a horseback, and put his muddy horse in the barn, and I was sent to care for it, and particularly to curry it. I did, but I wrote a note and tied to its tail, telling him how to put up a horse's tail. And then she acted afraid of me, yet as she told me of asking her to get a string out of my pocket to tie around my sore finger where I had a rag wrapped, and was holding with both hands, of course she flew to aid me, but finding mice instead of string, she jumped into the cream jar, and then on to a chair. I don't know what they said then, for I wasn't there. Now teacher, I am "Tired and sleepy, too," so I will say Good Night.

Remember me in your prayers and I will you.

PATT."

Omaha, Neb.

Kind Old Teacher:

Here I am again, this time with a "Trouble on the mind," as my old song used to say. I have a good sized mustache now, about long enough to pull and bite, whenever I see something at which I wish to laugh, and propriety forbids, and I find it quite convenient, too. Now as to my tronble. A very wealthy old couple here, has a very handsome daughter, that fell in love with me, or I *thought* she did, so I fell in all over and loved her fit to kill. I spent no time with other girls for I thought no others worthy of a moment's thought. Now, to cut my story short, (for my heart kind 'o thumps up against my vest pocket,) a rich young Colonel came into our circle of friends, and a short time after his appearance I received the following 'love letter' is it?

"Friend Patt; After considering the difference in our social standing, and you without a title, I deem it prudent to cancel our engagement. Hoping you may find a heart and hand that are your equal, I am yet your friend,

LILLIE."

I read this. of course I did, then read it

again, to be sure I was correct. I did not walk the floor, or get on a drunk as so many do, we read about, I went to my writing desk and wrote this note:

“Miss Lillie. I thank you for being honorable enough to own our unequality. If I had a title it would not improve my heart and soul. Hoping you may wed a *title* with a bank hanging to it. I still remain your friend,

PATT.”

Was that a bad letter for me to write or should I have left a tear on the note, and told her my heart bumped up and down and refused to be quieted? I rather believe now, that I was quite lucky to get off so well. Now, if you know of a girl that wants a *man* and not a title, tell them I am here and *free*. If ever make a fool of myself again, I'll let you know.

Good bye,

PATT.

TWO SINNERS.

There was a man, it is said, one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that's running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And the man is better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,
And the christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were to his command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.

And the world strewed their pathway with flowers
And the world strewed their pathway with flowers
abloom,
Crying, "God bless the ladye and God bless the
groom."

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day,
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond Love led.
And love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.
The woman repented and turned from sin:

But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven.
But told her to look for mercy—in heaven;
For this is the law of the earth we know,
That the woman is stoned while the man may
go.

A brave man wedded her after all;
But the world said, frowning, "we shall not
call." —ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

Kind Old Teacher:

After learning that you wish a word of trials or triumphs, as the case may be, from your old pupils, I will give you both in my experience. Doubtless you remember me as a *very* tender hearted girl, my delight in aiding others and promoting their happiness amounted to a fault, yet no one ever checked my error. I appeared to forget any duty whatever to self, and live only to enjoy seeing others happy. All appeared to love me. I was early taught to give up my will and opinion to others, and to yield all playthings without a cry or frown. I cannot think that proper teaching, for so many are brought to bear slander, scorn and shame by allowing the heart's feelings to control the mind too much, yet I truly believe

that the abstract good of the world owes more to the impulsive sympathy, than to the natural tendencies of human nature.

Dear Teacher is it right to compel our children to yield their will to older ones? Is it right to make them yield their judgment to others for propriety sake? In doing this do we not prepare their minds to yield readily and be persuaded from their better judgment? I believe many a mind that have been of more real worth to themselves and friends, had they even appeared reckless, has been bent to yield to the feelings of the heart and can now like myself say "I've made a fool of myself." I have a mind that can comprehend between right and wrong, yet how often has this heart of mine led me astray, from that that which was to my best interest. To illustrate to you, what I can sit and cry over to-day, if I do not keep hands, feet, mind and heart *all busy*, I will tell you as briefly as possible, then want you to say if I am a fool or have I only let my heart get away with my head? I of course had much confidence in human nature. As I budded into womanhood, my father and mother were both taken from

me, and the friends that I thought best, loved me only to take advantage of my extreme benevolent disposition, and I was soon led astray. Oh, my friend, I have paid the penalty, if suffering in mind can do it. Nine years ago a man met me and in time offered me his heart and fortune. I dared not say yes, or no, my feelings were intense when pressed for an explanation, I urged him to go and I would write all. I wrote a truthful account of my error and sent it to him. After reading it carefully he came direct to me, to tell me my error was forgiven when I was honest enough to give a true statement, he would aid me in making amends. We have truly lived a happy life together; a handsome boy has blessed our union. I shall endeavor to teach him to be an *honorable* friend, or not profess to be a friend at all. Trusting I may yet accomplish some good in this life I shall still continue to fight deceit.

Truly yours,

SARAH.

MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

On life's rugged road,
As we journey each day,
Far, far more of sunshine,
Would brighten the way,
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles, we had
The will and would try,
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store,
And labor to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind,
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad,
There is much we may do.

A word kindly spoken,
A smile or a tear
Though seeming but trifles,
Full often may cheer,
Each day to our lives,
Some pleasure 'twould add,
To be conscious that we
Had made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow so drear,
Have need of a word
Of solace and cheer,
There are homes that are desolate,
Hearts that are sad—
Do something for some one,
Make somebody glad.

My School I taught in the west.

Dear Old Teacher:

Yes, I did reach the goal of my ambition, and was recognized as a "school-ma'am"; and now believe will give you my experience with a school that from various reasons, is brought to my mind daily. Any one stepping out from very formula society, into a new country, where every one appears ready to enjoy whatever may present itself, for either amusement or cultivation of the mind, can see at a glance how free I breathed, when I closed a city school and was whirled over prairie roads for eighty miles, alighting at a neat country school-house, where I was to teach for four months. I had selected this as an airing and recruit from city work, whilst at the same time my "purse would not grow lean." You teachers of graded schools in the

city may ask, did you enjoy it? Yes, I undoubtedly did, and today can recall no more kind and pleasant term of school. The homes of all were made comfortable and all who entered them were made welcome. My school consisted of twenty-seven pupils ranging from twelve to twenty years of age. All wished to have a 'Literary Society' organized, which we did, to meet every Saturday eve at seven o'clock. Standing up on a hill and looking around you could not see where so many people came from, as would crowd that school house every Saturday eve, for there were fifty-two members, old and young, enrolled on that list; but when you would ride around over the prairie and see into the hillsides where cosy "dugouts" were fitted up, then you could see where and why so many came out and took such earnest interest in all mental work and especially anything that would benefit their children. The interest in that school and literary I can never forget. Our paper that was read each eve was considered by many better than the county paper, and well do I remember the look the editor of the county paper, who one eve honored us with his presence, gave the editor

of our "Every Saturday Night," as he read among the list of prizes for subscribers to our paper, "A life-size tintype of our Hon. ——— editor of ———." Many were the jokes that were cracked, the dreams some had overheard, the love-letters that were supposed to be lost, boys advertised *lost* if any failed to return home after the society closed. There was no church, not ever a preacher in that locality, and only an occasional sermon was heard, to which *all* came and listened to attentively. Thus good will prevailed throughout the entire neighborhood, and everything was *enjoyed* by all. Of course, I with the rest, needs must take my share, so right here (of course I am pardonable for speaking for self) I must tell you there was one young man who had grown quite famous in that locality as a poet, and on every occasion that offered would put before the society a joke in the form of poetry. As Christmas drew near, a tree for that occasion was next in order. The nearest town where the necessary articles could be procured was twenty-five miles. A lady teacher in the next district and myself were delegated to go with a young man who had a

team, to this town to procure the many articles that the neighborhood generally wished to purchase, (and they trusted me with their money too, to get the expected preacher a cap, that he failed to get on account of his taking a sudden notion to run off with another man's best girl, however it was none of "our set,") for their little ones and friends. We prepared ourselves and was in readiness ere daylight shone to allow us to see our escort or the team he drove. The poem which greeted our ears at the next meeting of the society, will explain the rest, which ran as follows, except the names I will omit:

"It was five o'clock on Christmas day,
The day we won't forget,
When Mr—— started for —— city
Some Christmas toys to get.

The roads they were so very rough,
And his purse it was so slim
So —— and Miss ——,
Agreed to go with him.

At five o'clock Mr. —— arrived,
At —— the girls to meet,
He sat them in the wagon bed
Because he had no seat.

Then swiftly o'er the prairie flew
The Christmas toys to get,

While ——'s voice hoarse and hoarser grew
By yelling at old "Bet."

Very soon they saw a sheet of ice
Mr. —— got up to yell,
But when "Bet" got upon the ice,
Upon her side she fell.

Mr. —— jumped out as quick as life
The horses soon he parted,
But it took him just about one hour
To get her up and started.

At noon in the city he did arrive
At ——'s they were stopping,
Mr. —— stopped for his dinner there,
But the girls went out a shopping.

At two o'clock the girls returned
With their shopping they were through,
And as Mr. —— his dinner had
He was ready for to go.

So "Prince" and "Bet" he fetched around,
While the girls grew thin and thinner.
The reason that they looked so slim
Was because they had no dinner."

With true regret I closed this school, all my pupils had made fine progress in their studies, and all appeared to be so amiable and such *general* good feeling throughout the neighborhood that indeed I was loth to leave it. Above all my gratitude was called forth when, the

loads of wholesome *well cooked* supply for the union dinner table, the last day of school, was brought out, and the many patrons and friends of the school came in to help "devour" it, as well as to enjoy the exercises of the school. Yes, I have used "devour" in the proper place, for a fire near noon called all the men and boys out on duty, and of course after near two hours "fire-fighting," they were ready to "devour" the roasted ham and beef in a manner that proved to the cooks, that it was appreciated. One old gentleman I remember, remarked, "This is the busiest crowd I have been in for some time." We were always *busy*, in school they all worked to excell, at playtime all worked, at home our minds were busy preparing some amusements, or our thoughts to be brought out before all Saturday eve. I can look back over that happy winter without a regret of a single moment spent there. Also the closing meeting of the society were extra well attended and our poet brought forth another poem, which was well directed at me, and brought forth applause while all eyes were on me, through a grand mistake, not and *intentional* wrong, a blunder was made which the poem comically narrates.

'Twas last Wednesday night, and I shall not forget,
'Tis fresh in my mind, for I think of it yet;
When I spoke to a schoolmam to take a sleighride,
For she looked so content, while she sat by my side.

She consented, of course, to what I did say:
If the weather was rough, time passed pleasantly.
We amused ourselves with chatting and song.
When she did propose to take a driver along.

I consented to this. I thought it best too:
Then started for home my chores for to do:
My heart though 'twas small, did fearfully burn,
Over the sleigh ride we'd have upon my return.

I did up my chores and dressed in my best,
And started to see her, that is with a zest,
Thinking how pleasant 'twould be to have a sleigh-
ride.

With a nice little schoolmam to sit by my side.

When I came to the house, my voice it was hoarse:
I called for the schoolma'om. 'twas right to, of
course,

I called for the maiden until I was worse,
When they informed me, she had gone with the
driver, of course.

And now my kind friends. I'm most through with
my song.

But where I did right or where I did wrong,
This conclusion I've come to, I'll sing in my song.
I'll never more consent to take a driver along.

And now all young men, as you journey through life,
And look for a partner, to take for a wife,

Keep away from the schoolmams, that is if you
can,
For they're apt to run off with some other young
man.

I do not intend a "sequal" to this, but I feel that I *must* state, I was passing through that country ten years after, and called "to see the folks." I soon learned most all my dear old friends had joined various creeds or churches, and were at variance; some had concluded they were too good to associate with others. I was glad to step out and reflect if it was not best to enjoy everything as it came, as we did *all together*, or was it best to hunt for each other's fault's and attempt to lead them in *our* path. God says, "All things work together for good to those who *love* the Lord."



The Rent Within The Cloud.

In our darkest hour of trouble
When the sky is clouded o'er,
And the deepest waves of anguish
Beat loud upon the shore,
Oh, what would be our solace,
When to earth, with grief, we're bowed,
If we could not see so surely
The rent within the cloud?

When our friend we loved so dearly
Proves as false as traitors old;
When all joy seems but a mockery,
And that proves dross which we thought gold:
Before we pause to fret or murmur,
At adverse billows surging loud,
We should cast our eyes to heaven
And see the rent within the cloud.

For 'tis always there my readers,
Though a film may it o'ercast;
Yet one transient gleam of sunlight
Makes the whole seem bright at last,
Showing through the frowning darkness,
The silver lining of the cloud;
Therefore never pine nor languish,
There's rent within the cloud.

—OLA REED M'CHRISTIE.

BAKER CITY, OREGON.

My dear Old Teacher:

Last year I got so distracted teaching a term in Mo., that I rushed off to the mountains to recruit my nerves; and bless your heart, I rushed right into a loving husband's arms, and am truly glad to say 'quit' the "school ma'am's" work. Now to begin with, the first day of my school in Mo. was a rainy, dull day, toward noon I had a caller, whose name I did not know, but there he stood in the door, with pants, or rather overalls rolled up to his knees, barefooted, a 'checked shirt' and a large straw hat, wet from the "drizzling" rain. As I invited him to a seat, he remarked, "It rained to-day so I could not plow, so I thought I'd come over and get acquainted." Oh, no, if you are a schoolma'am you dare not laugh under such circumstances, especially when you don't know but it is a brother to some of your flock, and sure enough at noon up rushed Anna to say, "That is my brother did you know it?"

The next week I received the following note:

"Miss —— I set myself down to drop you a few lines, to inquire if you want to goe to the

circuss or not, I hearn there is to bee one at
—— next Saterdy, if you want to goe, if you
will goe with me, and if you want to goe at knight
or in the day time, you must be sure to goe.

MYRON MYERS.

you must goe if you can.”

Of course I never replied, for I did not suppose he would know what my note meant “goe” or stay; at any rate I never heard from him again. My next excitement was three families of children came to school all on the “war-path”. A little investigation proved the mothers had been having a real *fight* over a spool of thread, that had been borrowed by one and loaned to another. Thus that little spool of thread kept the battle raging, whilst the men were rushing to the battle field from the corn-fields. Now such a time as I did have with those children, to get them to stand or sit near each other to recite or play, and forget it was not themselves did the “fight”. Yet I did by telling them of the love Jesus bore his enemies, succeed in doing much good and I believe left in their minds the germ of several truths that have, or will be productive of much good to

them in mature years. Now, I have an invite to a quilting, of course I go, as all the ladies where I board are going, and I want to see the "fun." An old maid on the shady side of life is there with all her "billaflackaties," I mean her trials and troubles, her diseases, pains and fruitless effort to cure. Now teacher, was I naughty? Say no, for it was so "funny" to tell of some one I knew being thus and this and that way afflicted and hear her every time repeat, "That's just the way with me." Of course I did not laugh with my lips and the old ladies' pride would not allow her to wear glasses, so she could see very accurately, (my husband has read this and says he hopes the old girl got well before she "turned up her toes.") No men were admitted at this quilting; yes one young fellow did come and put his head in at the door, and not *looking* at the hostess, but rolling his eyes rapidly from one face to another asked her, if she could lend "mam some salt." I saw him but a moment yet me thinks I see him still." A few weeks after one of the children handed me a sealed envelope with my name flourished on it. It read thusly:

“Miss —— ———

I seat myself to write you for the first time, you must excuse me for writing to you without leaf, I haint much acquainted, but that don't make no odds. I don't spose you remember me, but I saw you at that quiltin to Mrs. S---'s house, but then I don't expect you know me, I request you to write to me soon. I can't write much till I get an ancer.

So good by

H. S. T.”

Right here the romance of my “fun” began to grow monotonous, and I most heartily wished my school to close. That night near midnight I was aroused to rush down cellar, as all the rest were going for fear of a cyclone that appeared to be drawing near, by going out of doors in a dark drenching rain, and following the man of the house, with baby in one arm a lantern in the other and almost obscured to keep the rain off from it, the mother three more children, grandma and the schoolmam, succeeded in finding the door that led us under the house by sliding down a board, where while we stayed, we had to stand on boards, stones, bricks, &c., to keep our feet dry. Before the

proprietor of this "emigration" had got the door closed to keep the storm from coming in after *me*, I suppose is what it wanted. I succeeded in getting near enough to see the clear sky suddenly lighted up by a bright full moon, that would do credit to the lantern, towards conducting us back to our beds. Now to get out of that cellar took more "cooning" than to get in there. This was all to ridiculously comical for me to sleep over without a laugh, and when grandma, with whom I slept, asked me, why I was shaking so, I laughed aloud. As I never was very nervous about storms, I suppose I could not realize how they who were "afraid" felt. So my views of the flight, caused me to be left sleeping soundly in my bed the next night, whilst all the rest again flew to the cellar for safety, near morning I was awakened by grandma getting into bed cold and damp. Thinking she might be sick, which she often was, I asked her what was the matter, "Why we have been down cellar, the storm was worse this time, but we thought you would rather not go, so we left you here." Was I indignant? No; I did not blow away or loose any sleep or get wet. Daylight revealed to us

the havoc the storm had played in orchard and barnyard, yet when it was impossible for me to suppress a smile, and a twinkle in my eyes, *they* looked as if they were disappointed, that the house failed to rattle, enough at least, to awaken me from my peaceful slumbers.

Now teacher, I did try to love my school as you used to do; Oh, dear; did you *really* love all the "kids" that came to school to you, and *me* too? My last day there did come, and with it quite a number of visitors. We sang, had some good and some poor recitations. I invited visitors to make remarks, but none cared to speak except the fellow who "come to get acquainted," the first of the school. After planting his one hundred and eighty avoirdupois upon the rostrum, rubbing his lip where he wished a mustache would try to grow, and taking a look at his Sunday shoes and clothes, he cleaned his throat and started, "Children I would love to remark, I visited this school the first week, today I see you have learned a good deal, I believe you have a good teacher and I guess you all like her, I would." At this he bowed himself off. This snatched all the closing remarks I had intended to make from my

mind, so I simply dismissed school, drew my money, shook the Missouri mud from my feet, and now here I am a happy wife, and wanting you to come and “get acquainted” with my “hubby”. Come quick.

LILLIE.



As You Go Through Life.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light,
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spot on the sun abiding,

The current of life runs ever away,
To the bosom of God's great ocean,
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself,
To suit your whims to a letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle,
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Dear Teacher:

You remember of course 'me' who was such a tease in your school at ——— out in the country. Well, when you left the little town of ——— and resigned your work as primary teacher there, I took your charge. Many from that room are now graduating. As you know I am old too, now; and being a wife, mother, housekeeper, governess, nurse, cook, laundress, besides, the thousands of no name duties, and hostess, too, how do you expect me to succeed long in being young. I had received a card last June of the graduating exercises of some of my old pupils, but of course, I dared not move my averdupois off from the amount of work I was holding down here, so I failed to be present. As a reward nine of my old class surprised me by coming in on the morning train to catch me with uncombed hair, but my nose was clean. One said, "We have come for 'a time,' and we are to have use of cook-stove so each can get their own dinner." It appeared that each one's mood for amusement, brought out their obstinacy, and no two could eat the same food, at least it must be cooked different. The month being June their

moods appeared to be in harmony with nature, one day very cool, the next warm, and wet and dry weather conflicting. This one would want a cherry-pie another a good strawberry short cake, each wanted potatoes cooked, one must roast his in the ashes, "Little Martha," as they called her because she weighed one hundred and ninety seven, said she would put hers on to boil with the "jackets" on, and then get out of the kitchen. Each one would rush to sample every dish completed, thus everything was eaten as fast as cooked. Henry's wants for a short cake demanded he should attempt that task himself; after getting his berries ready, was preparing the cake, and failed to keep one eye on the strawberry dish he thought he had hid, consequently when he had succeeded in keeping those who had pie, biscuit and potatoes in the oven, out of his way long enough, his cake baking nicely, he failed to find his berries, or the culprit. "Murder will out," Gracie was suddenly very sick. As she flew out doors and vomited up the stolen property she had so hastily swallowed, a rousing laugh could not be suppressed. Thus the evening return train came and their dinner—where and when did they eat dinner? Gracie

of course "plead guilty" and was released from further teasing after promising to "taste not what is not your own" no more. As they took their departure, it reminded me of their departure from the play-ground to the school-room. Now I have told you all there has been to break the monotony of my duties for near ten years. Not a day passes but I think of your school-room motto. "Love and try to make happy," and "Do your duty."

Your well wisher,
MARY.



"Too Late!" She Said, "Too Late!"

I was sorry, very sorry
For a willful action done
When I, lacking worldly wisdom,
Had my life work just begun.
I was sorry for the planting
Of a seed that brought forth *hate*
In a dear friend's generous bosom:
But my sorrow came *too late!*

For the bitter sapling flourished,
And the branches took on leaves
Till it hid the welcome sunlight,
And this thought my spirit grieves.
For I live now in its shadow,
After two score years and ten,
And each day it waxes greener
Like the rank grass in the glen.

I am sitting by my window,
And I see my old friend pass,
While his feeble steps reproach me,
And his sad eyes chide, alas!
He was once my faithful lover,
But for gold and grand estate,
I proved false, and then repented.
But repentance came too late,

If we would but stop to ponder,
As the seed so is the flower,
As the flower so will the fruit be,
To the very latest hour;
We should the wiser be, and better,
Well content to watch and wait,
After sowing, in the morning,
Precious seed, for *love*, not *hate*!

—M. A. KIDDER.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

My Dear, Kind Teacher:—

Can you, and will you, forigve me, a criminal, for addressing you. I believe when I went to school to you, I really was a true-hearted, honest boy. Oh, my God! 'what can love do!' Yes, teacher, I did love, and I am not ashamed to own that I was capable of loving with a true and honest love. I gave all my confidence into the care and keeping of her, who jilted me at a moment when it ruined me mentally, physically and financially. I could not be quiet. I became a rover, associated with those that gave excitement, May God my mother, my father and you, forgive me. I knew better, but my mind and heart could not be quiet; when my better self did slip in and say, 'go home and again be a man,' my

throbbing heart appeared to bound right into my feverish brain and say "Our hopes of manhood have been murdered."

Tell me is it not *murder* to snatch from our lives our love, our spirits and ambition? And is it not robbery of the lowest stealing to get our full and explicit confidence through false pretence? But it *was* a crime, a penitentiary offence, for me, without health, without money and friendless, to steal a few dollars from a wealthy merchant. Yes, a crime for which the law says I must stay here three years! Of course, dear friends, 'tis just, but when I remember what caused me to get so low, I ask, 'is justice done all around?' Oh, dear teacher, my only friend—except my mother—I do not *hope* to live to ever get out of this, but will you write to me only once and tell me if my once-loving Cora is happy with him whom she has sworn to love for life. Does she ever remember the times we used to play, the songs our then sweet voices sang together?

May God forgive my wrong and receive my soul is the prayer of your school-boy,

FRED.

Kind reader, the above letter was written by the first pupil I ever had. The first day of school I ever attempted to teach was a cold, rainy day in April, and only one pupil, a bright blue-eyed boy of twelve summers that interests anyone that loved childhood's freaks. We recited lessons, eat our lunch, as is customary, and, when the rain ceased, departed for home; he never missed a lesson whilst I taught there, so intent was he in his studies. When asked a question, he answered in a decided and concise manner that won my confidence; none among my flock could be better trusted for a true statement of any trouble that might arise than this boy, my boy Fred. When I bade them adieu as I left for other work, he, then a large boy, was not ashamed to come up with the little ones and kiss me good-bye. Besides, my dear readers, I must here state he did not die in a prison cell; for this kind and forgiving heart of his teacher rested not until its work was done. Nor am I ashamed to say I plead on my knees to the Governor until a reprieve was granted. 'Twas his teacher led him from his cell, and when once more outside the prison yard, he pillowed his head upon my breast,

whilst his heart and soul gave away to tears that gave him hope to again become a man. It was myself that led him to his father and mother and mingled my tears with theirs. To-day, he is a prosperous, respectable and good man, living in Jamestown, Dak.



TRUE LOVE.

There is true love, and yet you may
Have lingering doubts about it;
I'll tell the truth and simply say
That life is a blank without it.
There is a love both true and strong.
A love that falters never:
It lives on faith and suffers wrong.
But lives and loves forever.
Such love is found but once on earth—
The heart cannot repel it:
From whence it comes, or why its birth.
The tongue may never tell it.
This love is mine, in spite of all.
This love I fondly cherish:
The earth may sink, the skies may fall.
This love will never perish.
It is a love that cannot die,
But, like the soul immortal,
And with it cleaves the starry sky
And passes through the portal,
This is the love that comes to stay—
All other loves are fleeting;
And when they come just turn away—
It is but Cupid cheating.

—ALICE CAREY.

Springfield, Mo.

My Dear Old Teacher:

I am so happy to-night, I can hardly call myself down low enough to write, but I feel that I must tell some one that is near and dear the good news. You heard, I think, that I ran away with the choice of my heart. You remember when a little girl my parents tried to keep me from associating with the poor children even at school. When I was penned up with a governess, how I did wish to be free as those poor ones. At the age of sixteen my parents had betrothed me to a railroad magnate's son, when eighteen I was to become his wife. I plead for my freedom, but was told I would be satisfied when I was surrounded with wealth. I was allowed to spend a few weeks in the country with an aunt, here I ran with uncle over fields and pastures; and one eve we met a young farmer, as we were in the pasture; he was, it appeared to me, perfectly happy as his clear voice sang "It never pays to fret and growl etc," Yes right here in the pasture, I was introduced to my *farmer*, he was a friend of my aunt and uncle and came often to see *them* of course. When I returned home I left with

Frank the secret of my love and my parents wish to baffle my happiness for position. Arriving at home I made friends with the cook; often she came to my room at night to leave a letter and take another to post on the morrow. My eighteenth birthday drawing near arrangements for a grand wedding was in progress. In vain I plead for my release. Next I refuse to make any effort to prepare my wardrobe. When mother took it into her own hands and came into my room to say I must go up town with her and interview a dress maker, I did so but not until I had written out my order which I secretly handed the dress maker, then pleaded head ache asking mother to go home and come down tomorrow. I sent an extra letter out of my room by the cook that night. All next day I kept my room and plead "not feeling well." Indeed, I did not feel well for I felt my rights were abused. A few minutes before the clock struck ten, and the time for the west bound engine to whistle, a farmer boy whistled below my window, and in less time than I can write it, I stole down through the kitchen, and was soon in the arms of Frank *my* 'farmer boy'

a moment more and we were seated in a car bound for Peora, Ills.

Arriving there at breakfast time all appeared hungry but us. Instead of looking for breakfast, we sought the residence of a minister. I rested while Frank procured the license. Whilst waiting I was asked many questions such as:

How old are you? Are your friends willing you should marry?

To which I replied truthfully. Nor do I now regret that step, as my hair is fringed with grey, Frank puts his arms around me as of old. I feel to bless God for delivering me from wearing those new clothes, for Mr.—— to hug. But to get to my extra good news for the present. My husband has become heir to an estate that stands him *financially* above the choice of my parents. My query is, will they stoop or stand erect to come and see Ida now. I wrote them from Peora the day I was married urging them to forgive the wrong I was doing in stealing away at that hour, but urged them to remember, that my life time was before me, and God had helped me to save my heart and all my better nature from ruin. They never replied. My aunt

and uncle wrote me that my parents would hear to nothing from me, and vowed their doors should never be opened to me, "a farmer's wife." We ever expect to live on a farm and if they wish to come and help us enjoy our blissful happiness they will be welcomed by both Frank and Ida. I have three girls, and if a manly noble heart ever should ask their hand to go where their love is deposited, I shall say "So be it" and add my blessing, Send greetings, quick, to your

IDA.



IN THE POLICE COURT.

“Call the next,” said the Justice, and up to the stand

Stepped a ruddy-faced woman who held by the hand

A bright little girl of some six years or more,

Well-clad in blue frock and white pinafore.

Said the applicant—bowing and courtesying low—

“If you please, I would like from your Honor to know

Can I send this, my child, to some decent retreat

Where she’ll get a bit of lodging and something to eat?

The Protectory, now, I was thinking of, sure

They say that’s a place that is safe and secure:

And I thought if your Honor would give me a bit

Of an order I’d like her protected in *it*.”

Said the Judge—looking kindly at mother and child—

“Is your little one there disobedient or wild?”

“‘*Disobaydient*,’ is it? Why, Lord love ye, no!

She is the willin’ist darlin’ ye ever could know:

Sure yer own little child, if ye have one, can’t be

More better behaved or more lovin’ than she.

But the times is so hard, and ye see, sir, the rent

Can't be paid any more, for the money's all spent :
And there's none but meself now to earn it, ye
know.

For Mike—that's my husband—was took years ago
From his baby and me: but I kept a bit home
Safe and sure o'er our heads till these pannick days
come.

When things *would* go wrong—or *may* be they're
right.

Only sometimes the reason is hid from our sight:
And if it seems hard, in this cold time of year,
To give up my place and to part from the dear.
Most like she'll get better and constanter care
From the people in that fine Protectory there
Than she could from meself, since I must be away
Now at washin' or house cleanin' jist the whole day:
And so if your Honor would please be so kind
As to give the bit writin', 'twould comfort my mind:
And “—here came a sob—the first she had given—
“ If you can—if you can, for the dear love of Heaven.
Let me go with the darlin' quite up to the door.
For we've never—oh! never, been parted before.”

The Judge turned aside. He was young and unused
As yet, to such scenes, and might well be excused
If he lingered a moment, ere venturing to speak.
While he passed his hand slowly o'er eyelid and
cheek:

Then his voice, like a woman's was tender and mild.
As he told the poor woman he'd care for the child:
And that night, in his home, oh, how warmly he
pressed

His own little baby boy close to his breast,
And he prayed he might ever be kept from the pain.

And the sorrows that follow in poverty's train.

—HOME JOURNAL.

My Dear, Kind Teacher:—

Being left fatherless at the age of ten, I was early put in a printing office to do errands, learning all I could. My poor mother hoped I could earn wages; her ever-watchful eye was on me to prevent any street rambling; and when the proprietor told me I was to take a ramble (to test my ability as reporter) through the country, I was delighted.

Leaving the city with the hope of coming every day in contact with the perfect happiness that I had always believed to exist in the little, big, old and new houses that were scattered far out from our huddled-up homes.

Going through a lonely road for some time, one day, I was suddenly surprised to hear, "Hush that noise, Jimmie!" I looked around; all was silent; it appeared to me that I would want the very trees and stones to sing for my amusement. A rude house stood in a beautiful location, with an intelligent-appearing woman in the door. I could not help but wonder *why* she did not "hush" herself, and listen to me sing, for I am considered by good authority, as

well as myself, to be a melodious singer, and I am sure I was not indulging in a warhoop.

As I passed through the gate, near the lady, she invited me in, as she said:

“Indeed, I owe you an apology; I supposed it was my boy coming, for I am living with a distant relative—an old bachelor—and he allows no noise by children; I felt that I needed this out-of-doors home, for a time, to renew my mind and nerves.”

“Perfectly excusable,” said I; “It will teach me, hereafter, to cease my song before I get to the gate.”

By this time I had noted a shattered spirit and energy, so I continued:

“Do you not feel that a laughing romp with your boy, even a yell, occasionally, would do you both good; or have you always been averse to merriment?”

She fixed her eyes on me, as if to say, “Do I look like one raised in the woods with no outlet?”

Sure she did not; for a beautiful pair of eyes beamed from beneath a broad and well-filled forehead, the tears glistening in them as she replied:

SOLITUDE.

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer:
Sigh, it is lost on the air:
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not heed your woe
Be glad and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train.
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisle of pain.

—BY ELLA WHEELER.

A GEM.

There's many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in idle pleasure,
That is richer than the jeweled crown.
Or a miser's hoarded treasure.

It may be the love of a little one.
Or a mothers prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggars grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

'Tis better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's work with a ready heart
And hands that are prompt and willing.
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder.
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends.
And sit and dream and wonder.

GRANTED WISHES.

Two little girls let loose from school
Queried what each would be,
One said: "I'd be a Queen and rule;"
And one. "The world I'd see."

The years went on. Again they met
And queried what had been:
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"
Said one. "I am a queen."

"My realm a happy household is.
My King a husband true;

I rule by loving services;

How has it been with you?"

One answered: "Still the great world lies

Beyond me as it laid:

O'er love's and duty's boundaries

My feet have never strayed.

"Faint murmurs of the wide world come

Unheeded to my ear;

My widowed mother's sick-bed room

Sufficeth for my sphere."

They clasped each other's hands; with tears

Of solemn joy they cried,

"God gave the wish of our young years,

And we are satisfied."

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Conquer Thyself.

'Tis a good thing sometimes to be alone.

Sit calmly down and look Self in the face.

Ransack the heart, search every secret place:

Prayerfully uproot the baneful seed there sown,

Pluck out the weeds ere the full crop is grown.

Gird up the loins afresh to run the race,

Foster all noble thoughts, cast out the base.

Thrust forth the bad and make the good thine own.

Who has this courage thus to look within?

Keep faithful watch and ward with inner eyes.

The foe may harass, but can we ne'er surprise

Or over him ignoble conquest win.

O! doubt it not if wouldst wear a crown,

Self, baser Self, must first be trampled down.

—JOHN ASKHAM.

Life's True Significance

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul with truth agreeing
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
For the life is more than raiment,
And the earth is pledged for payment
Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother,
Every man our loving brother,
Therefore let us serve each other,
Not to meet the law's behests,
But because through cheerful giving
We learn the art of living;
And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies!
Not a game of idle chances;
But it steadily advances
Up the rugged height of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad hope's broken bubble,
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of religion, less profession!
More of firmness, less concession:
More of freedom, less oppression,
In the Church, and in the State;
More of life and less of fashion;
More of love and less of passion;
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,

Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self denial,
Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to dis sever,
And in whatso'er we do.

Won by love's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty
Evermore be firm and true.

ARCHITECTS.

Toilers in the work of life,
Rearing up the structures fair,
Stand within the place of strife,
With your arms and foreheads bare.

Rear the building doubly strong,
Roof and gable pointed well:
And let its portals guard from wrong,
Leaving truth for sentinel.

Let the virtues which we teach
Seem of us a better part,
And let glow the truths we preach,
On the fireside of the heart.

Else our work be counted lost.
In the structures we have built,
And we get not back the cost,
By our negligence—not guilt.

If we slight this work of ours,
Leaving parts, and finish none,
We cannot in after hours,
Do the work we should have done.

We must finish as we go,
Stone by stone lay up with care:
Else the pillars laid below
Will not hold the gables there.

But commencing as we should,
Block by block, and part by part,
We shall build the structure good,
Filled with treasures from the heart.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

There was never a golden sunbeam
That fell on a desolate place,
But left some trace of its presence,
That time could never efface.
Not a song of ineffable sweetness,
That ravished the listening ear,
Then slumbered in silence forgotten
For many and many a year—

But a word or a tone might awaken
Its magical power anew,

Long after the sweet voiced singer
Had faded from earthly view.
Nor a heart that was ever so weary.
Or tainted with sin and despair.
But a word of tender compassion
Might find an abiding place there.

Yet countless thousands are yearning
For sympathy, kindness and love,
And souls are grouping in darkness
Without one gleam from above.
There was never a sunbeam wasted,
Nor a song that was sung in vain,
And souls that seem lost in the shadows.
A Saviour's love may reclaim.

Then scatter the sunbeams of kindness,
Though your deeds may never be known.
The harvest will ripen in glory
If the seed be faithfully sown;
And life will close with a blessing.
And fade into endless day!
Like the golden hues of the sunbeam.
That fade in the twilight gray.

—JOHN C. BLAIR.

Very True, So May You.

Young man you say you want a wife
To bless your home and cheer your life,
A woman true in every way,
Who does her duty every day;
Whose love is strong and good and pure,
A love that wins and holds secure;
A wife that will not scold and fret
And make you wish you ne'r had met;
Whose presence is a shining light;
Whose counsel guides and keeps you right;
Who tries to please in little things
And to your home rare comfort brings.
A woman who knows how to mind
Her own business that's the kind;
Who loves her home and stays right there,
And does not run around everywhere
To gossip and to idly chat
And tell the neighbors this or that;
Who, when you're troubled, cheers you up,
And sweetens every bitter cup;
Who, when you're sick, will nurse you through,
As only loving hands can do.
Young man, take my advice in this,
If you're in search of perfect bliss,
In weighing girls, see that you place
Good sense 'gainst beauty, wealth or grace,
My friend, you think that you are wise,
But some shrewd girl may shut your eyes;
You think you know just what you need.
But your impressions may mislead.
For other men have thought so, too,
But they got fooled and so may you.

—CAMDEN POST.

BE TRUE.

Oh rear no costly marble stone
Above my lowly lying head
When I am dead.
But let me rest in peace alone—
With wild flowers o'er my up-turned face
To mark the place.

Oh, do not come to mourn for me,
Nor shed one sad regretful tear—
I cannot hear
The words you speak—I cannot see
You bend o'er my low-lying head,
When I am dead.

But while I live remember this:
Be true—as God's great shining stars,
My prison bars
You may not break, my lips to kiss
When, by and by, the grasses wave
Upon my grave.

—ISABEL HOTCHKISS.

"I Say What I Think."

"I say what I think," says the valiant man,
With a voice and look of daring,
Determined to act on a selfish plan,
And for nobody's comfort caring—
"I say what I think," and at every chance
This impulse of his obeying.
'Tis plain to be seen at a single glance
He doesn't think what he's saying.

Oh, many an arrow will reach the heart
For which it was never intended,
If a careless marksman wings the dart,
And the hurt can never be mended;
And many a friendship may be lost,
And many a love-link broken,
Because of neglect to count the cost
Of words that are lightly spoken.

"I say what I think!" Ah! the truly great
Who give their wisdom expression
In chosen phrases, would hesitate
To make such a rash confession.
For think what injuries might be wrought,
What evils we could not smother,
If every one said just what he thought
With regard to one another!

To say what you think is a noble thing
When your voice for the right is needed,
To speak out your mind with a loyal ring
When order and law are impeded;
But the evil thoughts that flow through the brain
And the heart should be retarded,
For we lessen the tide of grief and pain
When our speech is carefully guarded.

You may think what you choose, nor give offense—
Be a traitor and not display it;
And if you're deficient in common sense,
By silence you'll not betray it.
And let it be written in blackest ink,
For the good of each son and daughter,
That those who always say what they think,
Are most of the time in hot water.

—SELECTED.

My Little Playmate.

I am a grandsire, journeying close
On three score years and ten;
And when my daily tasks are done,
And laid aside my pen,
I call my little playmate in.
Now passing on to three,
For I have need as much of her
As she has need of me.

She draws me from the world of fact,
With all its selfish strife;
She breaks the prosy lines of thought
That make up common life;
She lures me to her little world,
Where airy creatures dwell,
Where all things dance in joy and light,
Beneath some magic spell.

She wakes again those dreamy songs
That never yet were sung,
Which thrill through happy little hearts,
But not through human tongue;
She carols like a morning lark
To usher in the day,
And bring back memories from a land
That lieth far away.

Her roundelays and jingles make
Such music in my ear,
With all her tricky words and ways,
I can not choose but hear.

We leave all other verse aside
For that small classic lore
Which Mother Goose has garnered up
In her undying store:

The naughty ways of Johnny Greene,
The virtuous Johnny Stout;
The boy in blue who lay asleep
When cow and sheep were out:
The robin sitting in the barn,
With head beneath its wing,
Because the snow is on the ground,
And he is cold, poor thing!

The accident to Jack and Jill,
The hurrying little Jane;
The man who scratched out both his eyes,
And scratched them in again;
The active cow that jumped the moon,
The bull that tolled the bell—
These are a few, but many more
Too numerous to tell.

And then we play at coop and seek:
The mystery is small;
We hide behind the nearest chair,
Or in the open hall;
And every time that search is made,
Within this same small round,
The happy shout of joy goes up,
Because the lost is found.

Oh, let me never grow too old
To join in merry glee
With any bright and laughing child

That climbs upon my knee;
Let me still keep the sportive mind
Until my dying day;
For what is life, in all its length,
Without the children's play?

—REV. I. N. TARBOX, D. D.

The Conscience and Future Judgment.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of former living
In a land where the years increased;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question if put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghost of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning
Of a sorrow that was to be mine
In a land that then was the future,
But now was the present time;
And I thought of my former thinking
Of a judgment day to be:

But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave,
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save,
Then I felt that the future was present.
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life,
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away.
And I knew the far-away warning,
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it
In this land before the grave.
That I may not cry in the future
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have known before.
And which though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease;
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so e'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

“Another Stone.”

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free.
Draw back your skirts, lest they perchance
May touch her garments as she passes;
But to him put forth a willing hand
To clasp with his that led her to destruction
And disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred
Ways of toil, that she no more may win an
Honest meal; but ope to him all honorable
Paths, where he may win distinction;
Give to him fair, pressed down measures of
Life's sweetest joys. Pass her, O maiden,
With a pure, proud face, if she puts out
A poor, polluted palm, but lay thy hand in
His on bridal day, and swear to cling to him
With wifely love and tender reverence.
Trust him who led a sister woman
To a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—
It is the doctrine of a hurried world
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed. But ah, how will it be
On that strange day of fire and flame .
When men shall stand before the one true
Judge? Shall sex then make a difference in
Sin? Shall he, the searcher of the hidden
Heart, in His eternal and divine decree
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

My Mirror's Tale.

I'm looking at myself to-night.

Upon my mirror's face.

It is a foolish thing to do;

And yet I may find grace.

If, in my inmost heart, I know

I search for faults this glass may show.

'Tis not a lovely face I see,

Not winning and not young;

It shows the lines and traces of

A heart by anguish wrung.

A face o'er which the storm cloud past.

To leave it calm and clear at last.

The rosy bloom of early youth.

That once had rested there.

Has gone: a few gray threads shine in

The darkness of my hair.

This tells me I have reached the stage

Where youth blends with maturer age.

I wonder as I gaze at it.

Noting each feature there,

How some, in loving tenderness,

Have dreamed to call it fair,

Yet *love* can find a charm and grace.

To beautify the plainest face.

Image upon the truthful glass,

Showing myself so clear!

Tell me—have lowering clouds of doubt

Left deathless traces there?

Are lines of cold and cynic pride
Seen on the face I stand beside?

Have lightning blasts of care and woe
Blackened the heart within,
And pictured in the dark-gray eyes
Glimpses of guilt and sin?
O, tell me nay! For I have tried
To cast all wicked thoughts aside.

Much have I suffered: but those days,
I trust, have purified
My soul: and driven from my heart
All foolish thoughts of pride.
Closely I scan my mirrored face
To find upon it saving grace.

I care not for the partial lack
Of beauty that enthralls,
If on my face the glowing light
Of truth and culture falls—
If in my eyes the spark divine
Of love for all mankind will shine.

I will not ask for radiant orbs.
If in my own I see
The flash of true intelligence.
Of wit and repartee,
I only wish for eyes that glow
With pity for another's woe.

I'll pass in calm indifference
O'er crimson flash and hue.
If health but glows upon my cheeks.
If curves of lips are true,

And shadow forth a soul too pure
To speak false words framed to allure.

And thus I scan my mirrored face
Each day; and hope to find—
Upon the tell-tale glass to see—
A meek and gentle mind;
If, like a veil of priceless lace,
There falls sweet peace upon my face.

—LISSETTE CLAYTON BERNHEIM.

The Sin of Omission.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flowers you might have sent, dear,
Are haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,

These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging;
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And its not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

Loss and Gain.

Do not count, when day is o'er,
Daily loss from life's rich store;
But the gains, however small,
Count them duly, one and all.
Every sweet and gracious word,
Every pleasant truth you've heard;
Every tender glance and tone,
Every kindly deed you've known;
Every duty nobly done,
Every rightful victory won—
Treasure all, and count them o'er
As a miser counts his store.

But if bitter word or thought
Have a bitter harvest brought:
If some foeman has assailed you,
Or the friend most trusted failed you;
If unkindness and untruth
Have to you brought saddest ruth,
Blot the score without delay—
Keep no record of the day.

Keep no record of the care,
Loss and cross we all must bear;
On the page of memory write
Only what is fair and bright,
Let all evil things go by;
Still with brave endeavor, try
Simple joys to multiply.

Thus you learn how large a sum
Will with faithful reckoning come.
Long as after cloud and rain
Blessed sunshine smiles again,
Long as after winter's gloom
Summer roses bud and bloom,
Long as we have with us here
One sad heart that we may cheer,
Long as love gilds sorrow's cross,
Life's rich gain o'erpays the loss.

—EMELINE SHERMAN SMITH.

Hoe Out Your Row.

One summer day a farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn,
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe,
But the good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy, hoe out your row."

Although a hard one was the row,
To use a ploughman's phrase,
And the boy, as sailors have it,
Beginning now to "haze:"
"I can," he said, and manfully
Again he seized his hoe;
And the good man smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,
And learned the lesson well,
That perservance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage man, resolve you can,
And strike a vig'rous blow:
In life's wide field of varied toil,
Always "hoe out your row."

Just How It Is.

When you grasp the hand of fortune,
And lightly step along,
The hours glide on like the numbers
Of a heart cheering song.
Your pathway is lined with faces
Where smiles and pleasure blend,
All the world will offer service
When you don't need a friend.

You may sneer at fair discretion,
When solid at the bank.
Your rudeness is mere pleasantry,
And quite the thing for rank.
Men will thrust upon you favors,
And fawn and condescend
Till you wonder at your kinship.
When you don't need a friend.

They will shout your name in meeting,
And vote you into fame.
They will load your board with presents
Of bric-a-brac and game,
They will strain themselves in showing
What kindness they intend.
When sunshine floods your atmosphere
And you don't need a friend.

But wait and note how comical
This self-same world can be,
When the sun throws not your shadow,
And your hopes go to sea.

You may have heard the cucumber
Has arctic chills to lend—
Well, the world drops under zero
When you do need a friend.

—WILLIAM LYLE.

Could You Lend Me Ten Dollars.

'Tis a beautiful thing to have plenty of friends
Who have never an eye to their own selfish ends,
But in shadow or sunshine, sickness or health,
Will extend you the aid of their strength or their
wealth.

There are not many of them—if one—
As I tested the matter—for fun—
Making calls on a number, one day,
“Could you lend me ten dollars?” I'd say;

And they

Would reply: “I am sorry, but have bills to pay!”
Or something that way.

On a lucky old broker—a rich one—I called;
He was happy and fat, with a round face, and bald.
I had done him a “favor” in days that were gone.
He thanked me, with tears, and declared that upon

Both his honor and soul he'd not rest
Till he'd paid me. I now thought to test
His fidelity; so, with a sigh,

“Could you lend me ten dollars?” said I.

Reply;

“I am sorry I can't, my dear friend—it's no lie—
I am ‘short:’ that is why.”

Then I called on a merchant—a warm friend of yore—
Who had piled up his wealth like the bales in his store.

“I’m delighted to see you, old fellow!” said he:

And he gave me a poke in the ribs in his glee.

So I sat down and spoke of the weather:

We conversed fifteen minutes together:

Then I said: “I am busted and blue—

Could you lend me ten dollars? Oh, do!”

And, whew!

His reply was: “I wouldn’t for worlds refuse *you*

But my notes are just due.”

Next I called on a lawyer, a man of ability.

“*His* friendship is surely a thing of utility,”

I remarked to myself, as I entered his door.

“Why, come in!” said the lawyer, his face beaming
o’er,

“I am happy to see you——sit down.

I suppose you are staying in town?”

I am hard up, and hungry, and dry——

Could you lend me ten dollars?” said I.

“Oh, my!

I have got to establish a strong alibi.

And must go!” his reply.

To the house of a banker I next took my way.

I’d enjoyed his warm friendship for many a day.

He had bonds, notes and due-bills in heaps that were
thick

Yea, and bundles of greenbacks the size of a brick.

“Ah Good-morning—good-morning!” said he.

While I thought in his eye I could see

The true friendship I sought—the sincere.

“Could you lend me ten dollars?” “Oh, dear!

I fear,"

He replied, "that I can't for the end of the year,
With its payments, is near."

Next I went to a doctor whose practice was great.
He'd an income immense and a wealthy estate.
He had styled me his "friend," for in days long ago,
When his practice was small, his resources quite low
I had aided him some, and he swore
He'd be grateful to me evermore;
Hence the doctor I thought I would try.
"Could you lend me ten dollars?" said I.

"Oh, fie!

I'm forgetting my patients; away I must fly!
Was the doctor's reply.

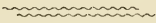
To a man of much money and leisure I went;
His investments were large, yielding twenty per cent.
I had known him for years, and his beautiful wife
Had some reason to thank me for saving her life
When she went through the ice that had
broke,
And she couldn't of course, swim a stroke.
Unto him did I go with my plea:
"Could you lend me ten dollars?" "Ah, me!"
Said he;

"I was going to ask *you* this moment, you see,
For the loan of a V!"

—A. F. HILL.

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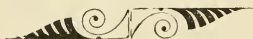
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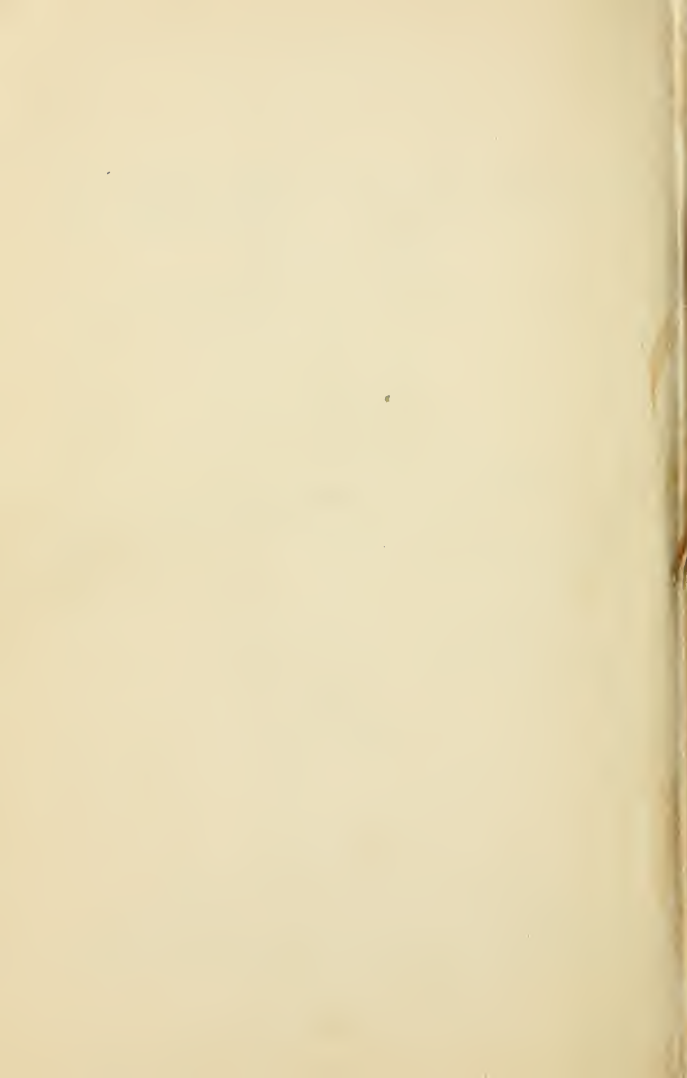
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